My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrewe your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?
How odly thou replyest:
Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iu. Heres such a coyle, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There stayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Must climbe a birds neast soone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

That one short minute giues me
Do thou but close our hands with
Then loue-deuouring death do
It is inough I may but call her mi
Fri. These violent delights ha
And in their triumph die like fie
Which as they kisse consume. T
Is loathsome in his owne delicio
And in the taste confoundes the
Therefore loue moderately, long
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so ligh
Will nere weare out the euerlast
A louer may bestride the gossam
That ryes in the wanton somm
And yet not fall, so light is vanit
Iu. Good euen to my ghostly
Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee
Iu. As much to him, else is his
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure o
Be heapt like mine, and that thy
To blason it, then sweeten with
This neighbour ayre and let ric
Vnfold the imagind happines th
Receiue in either, by this deare
Iu. Conceit more rich in mat
Brags of his substance, not of orn
They are but beggers that can c
But my true loue is growne to s
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my
Fri. Come, come with me, an
For by your leaues, you shall no
Till holy Church incorporate t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.